I pleas'd not to be pardon'd, am content with all:
Seeke you to seize, and gripe into your hands
The Royalties and Rightes of banish'd *Hereford*?
Is not *Gaunt* dead? and doth not *Hereford* live?
Was not *Gaunt* just? and is not *Harry* true?
Did not the one deserve to have an heyre?
Is not his heyre a well-deserving sonne?
Take *Herefords* rights away, and take from time
His Charters, and his customarie rights:
Let not to morrow then insue to day,
Be not thy selfe. For how art thou a King
But by faire sequence and succession?
Now afore God, God forbid I say true,
If you doe wrongfully seize *Herefords* right,
Call in his Letters Patents that he hath
By his Atturneyes generall, to sue
His Livery, and deny his offer'd homage,
You plucke a thousand dangers on your head,
You loose a thousand well-disposed hearts,
And pricke my tender patience to those thoughts
Which honor and allegeance cannot thinke.

Ric. Thinke what you will: we seise into our hands,
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

Yor. Ile not be by the while: My Leige farewell,
What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell,
But by bad courses may be understood.
That their events can never fall out good. *Exit.*

Rich. Goe *Bushie* to the Earle of *Wiltshire* streight,
Bid him repaire to us to *Ely* House,
To see this businesse: to morrow next
We will for *Ireland*, and 'tis time, I trow:
And we create in absence of our selfe
Our Vnckle *Yorke*, Lord Governer of England:
For he is just, and alwayes lov'd us well.
Come on our Queene, to morrow must we part,
Be merry, for our time of stay is short. *Flourish.*

Manet North. Willoughby, and Ross.

Nor. Well Lords, the Duke of Lancaster is dead.

Ross.

Ross. And living too, for
Will. Barely in title, not
Nor. Richly in both, if
Ross. My heart is great: b
Eer't be disburthen'd with a
Nor. Nay speake thy mi
That speakes thy words aga
Wil. Tends that thou'dst sp
If it be so, out with it bold
Quicke is mine eare to hear
Ross. No good at all that I
Vnlesse you call it good to p
Bereft and gelded of his pa
Nor. Now afore heaven
borne,
In him a royall Prince, and
Of noble blood in this decli
The King is not himselfe, bu
By flatterers, and what they
Meerely in hate 'gainst any o
That will the King severely p
'Gainst us, our lives, our chil
Ross. The Commons hath he
And quite lost their hearts:
For ancient quarrels, and quit
Wil. And daily new exactio
As blankes, benevolences, and
But what o' Gods name do
Nor. Warres hath not wast
But basely yeelded upon com
That which his Ancestors atc
More hath he spent in peace,
Ross. The Earle of Wiltshi
Wil. The King's growne ba
Nor. Reproach, and desolu
Ross. He hath not money fo
(His burthenous taxations
But by the robbing of the ba

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22313) LONDON, 1634 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.12.g.19